

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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It is understood if we credit that \$2.00 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

George G. Barnes.

The Indian Witness, published at Calcutta, has this to say of Mr. Barnes in connection with the Lucknow Dassara meetings:

A notable feature of the recent gathering was the presence of the Rev. G. O. Barnes, the celebrated "Mountain Evangelist" of Kentucky. Mr. Barnes is a man of striking presence, of strong individuality, of superior gifts as a speaker, and of religious views which are so completely out of line with the mass of evangelical teachers that his presence is sure to be quickly recognized wherever he goes. His first little talk was on straight Methodist lines, and delivered in Methodist phraseology.

His second was a statement of his experience, in which he told of his conversion and entire sanctification, but added a third blessing, the discovery of the gospel of faith-healing. At the next meeting, or rather after the meeting, he unfolded some of his peculiar views in a brief talk to the unawed, which startled his hearers not a little. It seemed very much like telling them that they were all right if they only knew it, but no doubt Mr. Barnes would disclaim any such statement. At the next meeting some twenty or thirty persons rose to intimate that they were not satisfied with their experience. They soon received some advice which was very unusual on such occasions, and the leader of the meeting was unkind enough to intimate that discordant doctrine would not be in order in the subsequent services. Mr. Barnes is a thorough Christian, and can exercise the gift of silence without accepting any offense, and so during the rest of the meeting he made no effort to obtrude his peculiar views publicly on the people. He gave one of the addresses in the tent on Thursday evening, and not only spoke with power, but kept within the straightest lines of simple gospel.

A TYPE CASTING MACHINE.—Perhaps the most interesting things about the foundry are the tiny casting machines that pour out an endless stream of type as long as they are at work. "These snug little fellows," said the founder, patting with his hand the odd little mass of machinery before which he stood, "can throw out more type in one day than a man working ten hours a day can count in a month." The metal is kept fluid by a little furnace underneath the machinery and is projected into the mould by a pump. The mould is movable and at every revolution of the crank is brought to the spout, where it receives a fresh charge of the metal. A spring in front of the mould holds close to it a copper matrix, and the stamp of the letter on the matrix is directly opposite the aperture in the mould which meets the spout of the pump.—[Philadelphia Times.]

The latest abbreviation crank hails from Illinois. He registered at a south side hotel thus: "Y & st." It was deciphered to indicate "Wyandot." Out in Kansas they always write Leavenworth "11 worth," and Wyandot "Y &." All this is done in the interest of economy—not through indolence. There was a man once whose name was James Hole, and who was so lazy that in registering his name he simply made a "J" and then punched hole in the paper. John Underwood of Andover, Mass., always signed himself:

"Wood,
J.
Ma."

A SPELL OF WEATHER.—The old wooden school-house at Log Hollow was crowded by people who had come to take a part in the spelling-match. Finally it came to a blacksmith's turn to stand up. The word "weather" was given to him.

"W-e-t-h-u-r, weather," he said. And as he sat down, the oldest inhabitant, who was dosing on one of the back benches, started in time to remark it was the worst spell of weather he had ever known, with an experience that extended back some seventy odd years.—[Sam.]

The Palmer House, Chicago, has been issuing a ticket to regular boarders, which they are required to show at the dining-room. They also rent on European plan. Some of their patrons have been working in couples—a scheme to beat the hotel, which has just been broken up. Two friends register—one as a regular boarder; the other simply rents a room. One gets a ticket, uses it, then loans it to his friend. So on ad infinitum.

A remarkable feature of the golden wed ding of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Vansickle was the presence of six brothers and sisters of the aged groom who were at the original wedding fifty years ago. Such an unbroken family record is rarely met with.—[Newton (N. J.) Register.]

The hedgehog is the favorite food of the gypsies, and those who have eaten of it as gypsies in their traveling caravan in England say it is excellent. Hedgehogs are nice in the fall months, and are said to be more delicious than plums.

Stonewall Jackson.

About daylight upon the Sunday of his death Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he should prepare for the worst.

He was silent for a moment and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to Heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He still expressed a hope that he would recover, but requested his wife, in case he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Savior.

He replied: "O, no! You are frightened, my child. Death is not so near. I may yet get well."

She fell upon the bed weeping bitterly, and again told him, amid her tears and sobs, that the physicians declared that there was no longer any hope of his recovery. After a moment's pause he asked her to call the family physician.

"Doctor," he said, as the physician entered the room, "Anna informed me that you have told her I am to die to-day. Is it so?"

When he was answered in the affirmative, he turned his sunken eyes toward the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two as if in intense thought, then looked at the friends about him and said softly:

"Very good, very good; it is all right."

Then turning to his heart-broken wife he tried to comfort her. He told her that there was much that he desired to tell her about but that he was too weak for the undertaking.

Col. Pendleton, one of the officers of his staff, came into the room about 1 o'clock. Gen. Jackson asked him:

"Who is preaching at the headquarters to day?"

When told in reply that the whole army was praying for him, he replied:

"Thank God! they are very kind." Then added: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is to die in peace. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

Slowly his mind began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked in delirium as if in command of his army on the field of battle. He would give orders to his aides in his old way, and then the scene was changed. He was at the mess table in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of a return of mind would appear, and during one of them the physician offered the dying man some brandy and water, but he declined it saying:

"It will only delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind till the last, if possible."

A few moments before the end arrived the dying warrior cried out in his delirium: "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" "Pass the infantry to the front rapidly!" "Tell Maj. Hawks—" then his voice was silent and the sentence remained unfinished.

An instant later a smile of ineffable sweetness and purity spread itself over his calm, pale face, and then looking upward and slightly raising his hands, he said quietly and with an expression of relief:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

And then without sign of struggle or of pain his spirit passed away. Was death ever so sweet and peaceful? Wasever rest so anticipated or Heaven so revealed?—[Detroit Free Press.]

The waste of food in hotels and restaurants, says the Chicago Times, is something enormous. In London this waste is partially utilized by the Sisters of Mercy, who keep some one constantly in the kitchen to save the scraps as well as the articles that are returned from the dining rooms. These are carefully sorted and put in covered baskets. The soups, chowders and gravies are placed in cans or buckets. At night a covered wagon comes and takes them away. Some of the articles are taken to hospitals and asylums, the others are distributed among those of the sick and poor who are deserving.

Every one has a cure for sore throat, but simple remedies appear to be most effective. Salt and water is used by many as a gargle, but a little alum and honey dissolved in sage tea is better. An application of cloths wrung out of hot water and applied to the neck, changing as often as they begin to cool, has the most potency for removing inflammation of anything we ever tried. It should be kept up for a number of hours; during the evening is the usually most convenient time for applying this remedy.

"Doctor, I have been terribly bitten by—"

"Ah, indeed. Well, you must take the first steamer for Paris, and—"

"But, doctor, it was not a dog that bit me, but a snake."

"Oh, I see. You must take the first canal-boat for Paris, Ky.—[Philadelphia Press.]

A dispatch says a sausage sixty-four feet long was turned out of a factory in Maple-ton, Pa., recently. It should have been. A sausage of that disreputable size should be

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The ice brigade was out in full force. —Cattle feeders seem to be envious of those who are lucky enough to have no stock.

—The whipping post would be awful bad medicine to take before breakfast these mornings.

—The bachelors who were sold a few days since are anxious to be claimed by the fair purchasers.

—The man who enquired: "Is it cold enough for you?" is thought to be done for general rejoicing, therefore.

—How is the weather? Thermometers here registered 18° below zero Tuesday morning with downward tendency.

—Dr. Ed Alcorn is spending the winter in New York in order to learn the latest developments of the science of medicine.

—Pleasant McKinney is not thinking of atmospheric squalls any more. His baby is capable of supplying all demands in that line.

—The prophets who predicted a mild winter are revising their calculations in order to find where the mistake lies—or the prediction lied. On one point there is great unanimity.

—Give me credit for not having quoted a line from the beautiful snow. The description of the article here—varying from 7 inches to 7 feet in favored localities—is too immense to suggest the idea of beauty—especially when a man's wood pile is five miles from home.

—Will Frye Carpenter, who has been sick for some time, died on Sunday P. M. His malady is described as typhoid dysentery. Mr. C. was one of our prominent citizens, in the prime of life, prosperous, an active officer in the Christian church, and a member of the Masonic order. He was within a few days of having completed his 50th year. A young and estimable wife and three small children survive to mourn his sudden departure.

—I am very tired," said the lady at the head of the boarding-house table the other morning, to the good-natured minister, who sat at the other end. "You should not be," said the parson; "you didn't preach a sermon yesterday." "No," said the lady, almost unconsciously, "but I listened to one." Then followed the oppressive silence, which gave the minister time to reflect that he had come out only second best.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

—We close with the trust that when the corroding tooth of time shall harrow us no more and the tangling perplexities of life shall no longer harass the soul, when we all shall gather ourselves together and surrender to the black banner of death, may the comfort of a life well spent and the consciousness of duty performed usher us into grander realities, where the refrain of angels is hushed in the song of eternity.—[Ellijay (Ga.) Courier's New Editor's Saturday Letter.]

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—Kase when any on us wnt to die it's cheaper to shoot ourselves than to have a fool doctor to bungle the job."—[California Maverick.]

—Have you any physicians here?" asked a tourist of a resident of Murphys.

"No we hain't," was the savage rejoinder, "and we don't want none, nuther."

"Why s?"

"Kase when any on us wnt to die it's cheaper to shoot ourselves than to have a fool doctor to bungle the job."—[California Maverick.]

—Joseph Jefferson ("Rip Van Winkle"), with his family, has gone to his new home on Oregon Island, in New Iberia Parish, Louisiana, where he has purchased lands, built houses and has hundreds of orange trees bearing fruit. It is said that after this season he will retire permanently from the stage and spend the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of his new home.—[N. Y. Sun.]

—Congress will probably sit until the second week in August. In the Presidential year it goes home a month earlier, to see about its fences. The general idea that hot weather drives the Congressmen out of Washington is not correct. Many members come from hotter places; many others would go back to hotter ones, if they did not let their constituents cool off.—[Current.]

—Recent explorers in Alaska came upon a native village containing eleven males, five whom were deaf mutes, while one of the women was wholly deaf. This state of things is accounted for by the steady intermarriage, as no other Indians live with in several days' journey.

—The annual loss of gold by attrition, shipwreck, fires, etc., is very small, not quite two tons, or \$28,000.

—Texas makes highway robbery punishable by an imprisonment of not less than ten years.

—It is estimated that the peanut crop of the South this year will be worth \$3,000,000.

—The best rules form a young man are to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions and value others that deserve it.—[Sir W. Temple.]

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—The Second Term of the present session will be on Feb. 1st, 1886. Location: pleasant; discipline: kind but firm; instruction: thorough. Pupils 16-20.

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Stanford, Ky., January 15, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

WE are under constant obligations to Hon. J. B. McCreary for many public documents, including the *Congressional Record*, the contents of which are at this time of extraordinary interest. We only wish we had at our disposal the time necessary to peruse these documents thoroughly, as they contain much instruction in reference to public affairs, which is needed by too many of us. The meager telegraphic reports of the doings of Congress, furnished by the daily press, though quite acceptable as well as interesting, fall far short of affording that information which is to be derived from the debates in Congress, as in the latter is contained about all that is known by our ablest statesmen concerning the subjects discussed. It is due to Mr. McCreary to say in this connection that his courtesy and kindness to us in by no means exceptional, as the official record alluded to shows that he has been duly attentive to the interests of his constituents. As evidence of this fact we may mention that he has already presented and had referred to the proper committees upward of sixty petitions for the relief of as many citizens on account of war claims and pension claims. The correspondence necessary between the claimants and the Congressman in regard to these matters and the preparation by him of their respective claims for presentation, involve the performance of a great deal of gratuitous labor—much more than a lazy or careless man ever would perform. One of our greatest misfortunes is that our average statesmen are to great to do anything. Indeed so prevalent and fashionable is this disability resulting from genius, that a man who while occupying a high public position condescends to keep sober and endeavor to render some actual service to the people who have honored him, is made the object of ridicule by not a few who ought to have more sense. We feel assured that the people of the 8th Congressional District need have no fears that their interests will suffer either from want of industry, vigilance or ability on the part of their present representative.

In a resolution requiring such report, the auditor informs the Legislature that during the last fiscal year he paid out to pro tem. Commonwealth's Attorneys \$4,492 and to the regular officers \$17,744.06. This is a swindle and raid upon the treasury that the courts eagerly connive at, and which ought to be summarily corrected. There was said to be no warrant in law for the paying of such claims, but the auditor says a decision of the Court of Appeals in 1877 furnishes his authority. In the third district the pro tem. attorneys got just a \$100 more than the man the Commonwealth pays to attend to her business. In this district \$100 was paid to pro tem men, or more than a third of what Mr. Warren gets. The leak should be plugged up forthwith.

A BILL is before the Legislature to make the carrying of concealed deadly weapons a felony. The present law is severe enough if it were properly executed. A better plan would be to take away the alleged right of the courts and Commonwealth's Attorneys to suspend judgment in such cases, which virtually annuls the law. We know of numerous cases of compromise and conviction in which the imprisonment part of the penalty was never inflicted. In fact we can recall no case of a man with money to pay his fine and lawyers ever having to stay the 10 days in jail. Let the law stay as it is and hold Commonwealth's Attorneys to a closer responsibility.

We have been holding our breath the better to hear the Hon. Fountains Fox Bobbitt's promised resolution to dispense with ice water during the session, but so far the gladsome action has not been vouchsafed. Can it be that Mr. Bobbitt is going back on a promise that was the burden of his speeches for year? Perish the thought! But it seems that he has lost his golden opportunity when he failed to present his mighty effort at retrenchment and reform during this unheard of cold spell.

BLESSINGS often come to us in disguise and Polk Johnson's recent defeat is now recognized by him in that light, for he says in the C. J. "Mr. Rowlett offered a resolution in the house at Frankfort yesterday to fix the salaries of the Clerks of that body at \$5 per day. The private station seems to be not only the post of honor in these days, but also the most profitable. It is a wise man who knows when to be defeated."

MR. OFFUTT's bill providing for a new constitution, which passed the House by such a decisive vote, is decided improvement on former efforts in that direction. Heretofore the man who failed to vote was counted against the measure; if this bill becomes a law that feature is remedied, and a new constitution seems at last to have in sight. For all of which we shall be duly thankful.

WEAVER's bill to restore soldiers and sailors of the late war to their equal rights with the holders of Government bonds, appropriates \$300,000,000 to pay them the difference between the value of the currency they received and the standard gold coin of the United States. A sillier proposition was never offered, but it is far from absolutely certain that it will not become a law.

THE Agricultural Bureau is the most useless of several of Kentucky's sinecures. It has cost \$25,490.02 in nine years and nobody has been benefited but those who draw the salaries. We join the Covington Commonwealth in saying "Let the bureau be wiped out."

We hope Mr. Bobbitt will be able to get his bill passed to fix the peremptory jury challenges at 10 for both the Commonwealth and the defendant. Justice demands that they be equal.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Mr. Johnson, of Nelson, has presented a bill to abolish the Bureau of Agriculture. Good boy.

Speaker Offutt's bill for holding an election for calling a Constitutional Convention was passed 83 to 8.

The law for the protection of food fishes will be repealed, if present indications are worth anything.

A bill has been presented to make seduction of any female under sixteen years of age, under promise of marriage, a felony.

The joint rule against local legislation received a black eye in the House, the Speaker ruling that the joint rules are not yet effective, not having been adopted by the Senate.

A bill to prohibit convict labor in or about coal mines is before the House, but if adopted it can not go into effect until the expiration of the present four years' lease of the convicts.

Mr. Straus has presented a bill to compel the various counties in the State to support their own pauper idiots, buy their own record books and pay for the transportation of all prisoners.

Mr. Bobbitt presented an act to incorporate the Stanford Street Railway Company. Also, an act giving the Commonwealth and defendant in felony cases ten peremptory jury challenges each.

Hon. D. L. Thornton, member of the House from Woodford, and one of the ablest lawyers of that body, not seeing his way clear to accepting free passes, has returned those sent him by the polite companies.

Mr. Neale, of Graves, has presented a bill to reduce the number of petit jurors to eight to the panel and the grand jury to twelve. If it should become a law there would be a saving of \$77,258 per annum in jury expenses, which amounted to \$244,348 in 1885.

The Governor nominated Hon. William A. Berkely, of Garrard county; W. L. Caldwell, of Boyle; J. S. Van Winkle, of Boyle; George R. McKee, of Kenton, and Horace S. Withers, of Lincoln, as Commissioners of the Kentucky Institution for Deaf Mutes, and the Senate confirmed the nominations.

The State House at Frankfort is not as big as the Capitol at Washington, nor as imposing as the State House at Albany, but 'twill do, at least till the Branch Penitentiary at Eddyville is completed and the finances of the State are placed in better shape. No increase in the State tax just now.—Covington Commonwealth.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Gen. Don Carlos Buell was confirmed as Pension Agent for Kentucky.

The Greensburg Times, H. C. Cockerell editor, began its career Wednesday.

By paying the \$10,000,000 bond call the government will save nearly \$1,000 a day interest.

R. T. Sandusky, a well known Lexington man, committed suicide at Millersburg a few days ago.

A collision on the B. & O. killed three persons in Indiana. The crew of one of the trains was asleep.

The Yosemite hotel was burned last Sunday afternoon, defective flue being the origin.—[Herald].

The 18th Judicial district will nominate its officers on the 21st Saturday in March by primary election.

In joint session of the Ohio Legislature, John Sherman received \$4 and A. G. Thurman 62 votes for U. S. Senator.

There will be no trouble about the Kentucky appointments. The Senate is confirming them without a word in batches of five.

Senator Beck states that he has no apprehension regarding the confirmation of any of the appointments made from Kentucky.

At Aix-la-Chappelle a fire broke out in a spinning mill while the operatives were at work. Fifteen of them perished in the flames.

Sam Gardner, the K. C. fireman who had his leg crushed and Wm. Davis, of Somerset, a brakeman on the same road, who was so badly injured during the holidays, both died Monday.

Gen. Warner added to the long list of bills in the House a proposition that the surplus coin in the Treasury over and above \$50,000,000 shall be applied immediately to the reduction of the public debt.

The Senate confirmed the nomination of Conrad N. Jordan to be Treasurer of the United States, and there can be no further doubt of his right to have charge of the Sub-Treasury in New York, vice Acton, removed.

After four days' work the bodies of Col. M. H. Wright and Jabez Balmforth were found in the wreck of the building on Main street, Louisville, crushed but not burned. Death seems to have been instantaneous.

Col. Edward Richardson, of Mississippi, the largest cotton planter in the world, died suddenly with paralysis at Jackson, Miss. He was President of the late World's Industrial Exposition at New Orleans, and a wealthy man.

Gov. Bate has commuted the sentence of Wm. Spence, confined in the Nashville penitentiary on a life sentence for the murder of his son in law, Ed. S. Wheat, to five years from date. Spence will be 80 years old the day of his release.

The republican House of Ohio, without the shadow of an investigation or contest having been made, unseated nine democrats from Hamilton county, giving their places to a like number of republicans. Some votes were wanted for John Sherman and the democrats had to go.

All the railroads in Nebraska, practically at a standstill for the last ten days, are again getting their rolling stock in motion.

That never-failing evidence of intense cold, the ice-bridge, has formed at Niagara, and it is believed that it has come to stay through the season.

Curtin, of Pennsylvania, declines to accept the chairmanship of the committee on Banking and Currency for reasons of his own and the position will devolve on Mr. Miller, of Texas.

B. W. Dutton, of Pulaski county, who has been in jail here since August, under a sentence for violating the Internal Revenue law, took the insolent debtor's oath yesterday and was released.—[Louisville Times].

While Matt Keys, under arrest for murder, was being conveyed from Triple Station, Ark., to Arkansas City, he plunged head first through the car window, struck a wheelbarrow standing by the track and was taken up dead.

W. P. Harris, General Superintendent of the Baltimore and Ohio, Pittsburgh division, resigned Saturday last. Mr. Harris was formerly connected with the Louisville and Nashville road and will probably return to that road.

Reports from Florida say that all oranges remaining on the trees are frozen and the lemon trees in Northern Florida are probably killed, but beyond losing their leaves, it is not believed that the orange trees are injured anywhere in the State.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Hunter Wood, for Revenue Collector of the Second Kentucky District, and of George H. Davison, for the Sixth District. No explanation as to the non-confirmation of the other Kentucky Collector.

Mr. Ingalls, rep., offered a resolution in the Senate that in the opinion of the body the compulsory coinage of silver dollars, directed by the law of Feb. 28, 1873, should not be suspended until the aggregate reaches the sum of \$500,000,000.

Large numbers of negroes are leaving North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama for the West. The movement is caused chiefly by high rents, bad crops and the defective tenant system in that section of the South. Good wages are offered in Arkansas, Colorado and California.

The same newspaper who so valiantly defended Gov. Blackburn for his wholesale system of pardons and remissions of fines, now as heartily commend Gov. Knott's opposite policy. This practice of toadying to the man in power is thoroughly contemptible.—[Owensboro Messenger].

There is no chance for the suspension of silver coinage by the present Congress. It is useless for the financiers of the East to cherish the delusive hope. All the speculation about the composition of the Committee on Coinage is secondary. It will make little difference what the committee may do. The House itself is strongly against the suspension of coinage.—[N. Y. World].

Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 13.—This has been the longest and severest cold spell ever felt in Florida. The loss in oranges on the trees, according to Capt. Ives, Manager of the Florida Fruit Exchange, is \$1,000,000. The loss to the vegetables is immense, some men having sixty to a hundred acres killed. Water pumps, tanks, etc., were frozen solid here yesterday. Skating was indulged in upon the pond, a scene never before witnessed in Florida.

Senator Payne, of Ohio, is said to be much annoyed by the charges made by S. D. Danahan, to the effect that his election to the Senate was brought about through bribery. The Ohio Legislature yesterday took cognizance of the matter and appointed a committee to investigate the charges, so far as they affect certain members of the General Assembly who were mentioned in the Donavan article as having accepted bribes to vote for Mr. Payne.

Senator Beck has offered a resolution that the Secretary of the Treasury be directed in all payments hereafter made of interest on the bonds and notes of the United States, and in the purchase or payment of one per cent. of the entire debt of the United States for the sinking fund, as now required by law, to pay out gold and silver coin as nearly as possible in the same proportion in which gold coin and certificates were received during the preceding fiscal year for duties on imported goods.

Senator Blackburn has presented a remonstrance against the establishment of the Eastern Judicial District of Kentucky. The remonstrance is signed by Alvin Duvall, D. W. Lindsay, W. P. Bush, J. Stoddard Johnston, James W. Tate, W. J. Chin, Ira Julian, George C. Drain and Wm. Lindsay. These distinguished gentlemen say that while such a court would foster the interests of some cities and provide places for worthy gentlemen, the good it would do the people at large would not warrant the outlay of public money.

A noticed statistician, Edward Atkinson, insists that there is an abundance of room yet in the world. The 1,400,000,000 persons supposed to be on the globe could all find easy standing room within the limits field ten miles square, and by the aid of a telephone could be addressed at one time by a single speaker.

Try to be something in the world and you will be something. Aim at excellence, and excellence will be attained. This is the great secret of success and eminence. "I can not do it" never accomplished anything. "I will try" has wrought wonders.—[Hawes].

Gov. Bate has commuted the sentence of Wm. Spence, confined in the Nashville penitentiary on a life sentence for the murder of his son in law, Ed. S. Wheat, to five years from date. Spence will be 80 years old the day of his release.

A California murderer went to the gallows with a cigarette in his mouth. He died soon after. We have always contended that cigarettes were unhealthful.

When a young lady hums handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she probably knows that she may reap.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else.

FUTTEHURGH, INDIA, Dec. 8th, 1885.

DEAR INTERIOR.—The woodwork department of the great gun carriage factory in the Fort is a very interesting sight. Here, side by side with the most elaborate and costly, perfected machinery from England, that turns and shapes wood with automatic movements perfectly amazing; you will see natives squatting at their work, rough implements in hand, and giving finishing touches, that only manual labor can supply. They must be allowed in this, however, to use the tools they have been trained to employ all their lives. And wonderfully skillful they are; using toes as we do fingers; squatting where we stand, and generally doing everything we would not think of doing. The European superintendents try to get lads of 12 to 14 years now and train them gradually to the use of all the machinery. They are docile and ingenious and give excellent satisfaction. I spoke in my last of the great stores of seasoned lumber in the Fort store-rooms. A few days ago in rumaging for a suitable piece of timber for some particular work they got out one stick of "Sheeshum" that was stored in 1823! It was just the bit required. 62 years of "seasoning" in this climate must have pretty effectually excluded the native moisture from that stick of wood.

How intense the interest in going over the ramparts of the old fort, with an intelligent guide, to stand upon the very spot where indomitable valor held the scantily manned bastions against overwhelming odds. There were but 30 capable of bearing arms, when the Sepoys broke into open mutiny, and all who could took refuge in this fort, and prepared to make a stand for dear life.

Only 3 of the 8 bastions could be held at all by the little handful. The brave chaplain took his place with the rest and fought gallantly. One woman, the wife of a Sergeant, who had been killed, took his rifle and his place and made havoc by her accurate aim among the besiegers.

The women and children were quite sheltered during the siege in the large bungalow, where every night we sit down at the Major's hospitable table, to dinner, after the evening services. For nine days, harassed by day and night, the intrepid гарison fought, repelling repeated and desperate assaults; and at last, seeing further resistance hopeless, took to their boats on the 10th night and dropped down the Ganges. Alas! the treacherous river seemed in league with the blood thirsty human tigers, who organized a swift pursuit. The fugitives, stranded on sandbanks, were overtaken in turn and all perished or were captured, to die at a later date—two only. It deepens the sadness of their fate to know that their heroic courage availed nothing—as did the equally persistent valor of the Lucknow garrison. Last Friday evening the Major and I walked round the rampart and he went over what little was known of the thrilling events of that 9 days siege, as told by the two survivors. At one spot the mutiniers had sprung a mine, which laid a portion of the "curtain" in ruins; but—alas! massed for an assault—were deterred from an attempt to enter the breach by the brave Captain Fisher, standing alone in it and firing rapidly, supported by a few enfilading rifles in the contiguous bastions right and left. Their second mine, however was right under the principle bastion, which could not be countermined for lack of hands to do the work—all being fully employed in mounting guard—and so the desperate garrison were obliged to take to their boats undercover of night and die down the Ganges. Major Mackenzie told me that when he was recovering, with a hatchet, his bungalow, a few years ago, he found, beside numberless musket balls—one 9 pound solid shot, and several bags of resin that had been fired into the thatch with the hope of burning them out. But the fire had gone out and they did no damage.

Bro. Woodside, in looking over a box of old papers, came across a very interesting relic—given him years ago by some English officer, illustrating the way in which the present British National Standard or "Union Jack" came to have its present form. As all know, it has three red crosses on a deep blue ground. Only two crosses are visible, as those of St. Andrew and St. Patrick are shaped alike. The three are—St. George, of England; St. Andrew, of Scotland; and St. Patrick, of Ireland. The St. George is a red "Latin" cross—as it is called—consisting of the upright and cross beam, we are all so familiar with as the dreadful implement of torture and death, upon which the world's Redeemer suffered death for all. This is on a pure white ground.

—SENATOR BLACKBURN has presented a remonstrance against the establishment of the Eastern Judicial District of Kentucky. The remonstrance is signed by Alvin Duvall, D. W. Lindsay, W. P. Bush, J. Stoddard Johnston, James W. Tate, W. J. Chin, Ira Julian, George C. Drain and Wm. Lindsay. These distinguished gentlemen say that while such a court would foster the interests of some cities and provide places for worthy gentlemen, the good it would do the people at large would not warrant the outlay of public money.

St. Andrew's is a white cross on a deep blue ground; but the position is not that of Calvary. It is the cross of "Our Father Jacob's" arms as he blessed Ephraim the younger, over Manasseh the Elder, by the unexpected manoeuvre that awakened Joseph's displeasure (Gen. 50:13-20). His outstretched arms thus intersecting each other, give us Scotland's emblem. This, on a blue ground—embroidery like the azure of the immeasurable sky, above; and the depths of the unbounded ocean beneath. St. Patrick's again is different. This is a red cross—still "Our Father Jacob's" like St. Andrew's, but on a pure white ground, as is St. George's. Here we have the legend of scripture preserved, but on a basis of holiness and purity.

Indeed, LOVE divine, doing its work—on the basis of an everlasting recompence, that will even respect the devil's dues and save us, though the heart's blood flows out, drop by drop, in doing it—this is the great redemption, of which all scripture tells.

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Stanford, Ky., January 15, 1886

E. C. WALTON, Business Manager.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North 1:55 P. M.
South 12:15 P. M.
Express train North 2:30 A. M.
South 3:00 A. M.

The time is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books from Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

Buy the Hiss Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

PERSONAL.

MR. WM. MCKINNEY is suffering from a serious brain trouble.

MRS. JAMES LEAVEL, of Garrard, sister of Mrs. J. G. Carpenter, is reported very ill.

MRS. DAISY BURNSIDE returned from Lancaster last night, after a week's visit to her grandmother.

MRS. KATIE LOGAN, the Milliner, has been confined by illness at her home in the country all week.

MR. C. O. ASHLEY, representing S. C. Wells & Co., LeRoy, N. Y., is in town. He may preach a few times while here.

MRS. J. T. O'HERN was summoned by telegram Tuesday to the bedside of her mother in Louisville, who is dangerously ill.

CAPT. G. H. MCKINNEY received a telegram from Col. Bronston yesterday to go to Hickman Bridge to gauge whisky and he left last night.

MRS. E. R. CHENAULT and Joseph Chenault, of Fort Scott, Kansas, came in yesterday morning to get thawed out. Even this polar region is an improvement on theirs.

MRS. S. H. HARDIN, after a year's stay in Kansas, is back on a visit to friends. He has proved up a section of fine land since he left, in Custer county, and is much pleased with his prospect.

MRS. M. C. SAWLEY, W. G. Welch and Masterson Perton went up to Rockcastle Court Wednesday, but found that it had adjourned to a special term, commencing the 21 Monday in March.

MR. G. R. HARDIN was well enough yesterday after his protracted illness to return to Lancaster. Mr. George S. Carpenter is also able to hobble around and will soon begin again to raid on the long suffering voter.

MRS. IDA PREWITT, of the College Faculty, stumbled and fell over a bench in the dark the other night and hurt herself considerably. She has been confined to her bed since, but will be well enough to resume her duties Monday.

JUDGE M. H. OWLESLEY made us a pleasant call en route to Mt. Vernon. He says that a little money is paid out for special judges in this district as any in the State and that he was mainly instrumental in having their pay reduced from \$16.30 to a little over \$7 per day.

MRS. JAMES B. MCCREARY is one of the most beautiful, elegant and stylish ladies in Washington society this winter. Her features are classical and her complexion as clear as Carrara marble. She bears a marked resemblance to the ex-empire Eugenia, many think. [Washington Letter.]

THE STANFORD boys, Messrs. J. W. McAlister and R. W. Hucker, have made a new deal. Mr. McAlister succeeds to the Cashiership of the Saxon National of St. Joseph, Mo., and Mr. Hucker has gone to Kansas City, where he has been elected Vice President of the Citizens National Bank. In a letter dated the 11th, Mr. McAlister tells us that the mercury was down to 24 below zero.

LOCAL MATTERS.

T. R. WALTON's advertisement will interest you.

EXCELSIOR weather strips for doors and windows at McRoberts & Stagg's.

It is not often that ice 10 inches thick is gathered in this section, but it was this spell.

FOR SALE.—One bed room set, wardrobe and room furniture. Going West. E. quire of F. J. Curran.

The appointment of Capt. Thomas Richards to be postmaster at Stanford, was sent to the Senate for confirmation Tuesday afternoon.

I HAVE no baker now, but will furnish my customers with fresh bread and rolls from Louisville. J. T. Harris, opposite Col. W. G. Welch's.

THE Kentucky Central passenger train which left here Saturday morning at 7, did not return till 10 Tuesday night, being snow bound a few miles this side of Richmond for that length of time. When it ran into the drift it was some time before it could back out and when it did a higher drift had closed in from behind, consequently the train and crew had to stay there for four days. Nothing like it ever occurred in this section be'ore.

"FOILED," a beautiful domestic drama, will be produced at College Hall, Crab Orchard, on the night of Jan. 16th, with the following cast of characters: "Julia Tracy," Miss Maggie Buchanan; "Nettie Hamilton," Miss Katie James; "Capt. Horton," Mr. Murray Jones; "Luke Hardy," Joe Graham; "Dick Chubreck," Prof. E. P. Buchanan, Jr., "Jeph Tracy." The proceeds go for the benefit of the College building.

New stock of Oliver plows at W. H. Higgins.

The Rink will be opened to-night and don't you forget it. Big musical programme.

See our line of plows before buying. The biggest stock, best brands and cheaper than anybody. Bright & Metcalf.

Mrs. J. B. HIGGINS slipped and fell near her house, Wednesday morning, and broke the small bone of her left arm.

MISS LILLIAN LAWRENCE is the sweetest little Yum Yum on the boards. See her in the Mikado next Thursday night.

MR. J. M. BROWN, McKinney, writes to W. H. Higgins that the Gibbs Imperial steel plow does the best work he ever saw.

HUMPHREY BEST seems determined to land in the penitentiary or get a rope around his neck. See Lancaster letter for his recent exploits.

The doctors tell us that they have prescribed for any number of persons with frost bitten hands, ears or feet, but no serious case is reported.

OUR esteemed friends, James R. Marr and Sam M. Pascock, had their appointments as postmasters of their respective towns, confirmed by the Senate without a word. Now let the whangdoodles moan.

DATCIPATES from Texas say that the cold has killed cattle by the thousands and that the plains are strewn with carcasses, all of which will fall doubly upon the hearts of the many in this section, interested in ranches that State.

THE people of Glasgow having raised \$50,000 in subscription think they have the dead wood on getting the Chesapeake & Nashville, but they may find that there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip before they get through. We were almost as sanguine of securing it once as they are now.

THE Leland Opera Company will be the first troupe of the kind ever in Stanford. It has also more reputation for the excellency of its artists than that of any kind that has appeared here. A full house ought to and doubtless will greet it on the 21st, when the new and popular opera of Mikado will be given. Admission 50 cents; reserved circle 75 cents.

COL. D. G. SLAUGHTER is preparing to hook his already celebrated Dripping Springs in a liberal manner for next season. To that end he has sent an order to this office for 20,000 twelve page folders, which are now being prepared for him as fast as steam and skill can accomplish it. No man is better satisfied with his outfit for printer's ink than Col. Slaughter, whose work in that line amounts to hundreds of dollars a year. We do not know of a more persistent, as well as sensible an advertiser anywhere.

THE Banks elected directors Tuesday. The old Board was continued another year at the First National and are as follows: H. S. Withers, W. G. Welch, D. W. Vandevere, Sanford Erwin, J. S. Hocker, W. P. Tate, T. J. Foster, H. C. Bright, Craig Lyon, all of Lincoln; Robt. Boyd, London, J. T. Freeman, Williamsburg. The Farmers also elected its old board: Dr. E. A. Acorn, J. K. Baughman, Hustonville; R. W. Givens, Shelby City; J. W. Williamson, Mt. Vernon, J. W. James, Crab Orchard; J. M. Hall, J. B. Owsley, S. H. Shanks, W. Alcorn, Stanford.

THE mercury touched bottom Tuesday morning in this section, when it registered from 19 to 24 degrees below zero, according to locality and the quality of the thermometer. The oldest inhabitant gave it up as the coldest spell ever experienced hereabouts and could not draw on his imagination for a parallel. By Wednesday morning the weather began to moderate to some extent, but the mercury showed be low zero a little in the morning and rose to 25 during the day. Even that ordinarily would be taken for pretty cold weather, but after the week's experience it seemed like balmy spring time. Yesterday it was down to zero again but it was evident that the back of the unpreceded cold snap was broken and that weather more appropriate to the latitude would hold sway for a time at least. It has certainly been a week of intense suffering among the poor people and dumb brutes.

IF the facts of the murder are as the family of the murdered man report, John Sigman, who was recently captured in Missouri and returned to Rockcastle county, to answer for the cold blooded murder of William Higginbotham, a brother of the Sheriff and ex-Sheriff of Garrard county, ought to stone with his neck the cowardly deed, though it was committed near a quarter of a century ago. As we learn them the facts are these: Young Higginbotham, who was a boy of 15, was riding up the road approaching Sigman's, when that individual and a soldier spied him. The soldier said he would shoot him, but Sigman declared that he wished to do the killing himself and when the youth came in gun shot, he bended away at him, wounding him so that he died in a few days. The coward then fled the country and for nearly 25 years has been a fugitive from justice, tortured by his conscience for the brutal deed, if he has any of the feelings of a man. The brothers intend to prosecute the criminal to the bitter end and have secured for that purpose the best counsel in the section. Sigman is a close relative to the notorious Sigman woman, for whose favors so many men were killed in Rockcastle, and who was finally murdered by one of her victims. By putting up a pitiful tale, Sigman succeeded in securing a fund at his late home in Missouri to assist him in his defense. His trial will come off at the special term of the Rockcastle Circuit Court in March.

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GIBBS' Improved Plows on hand at W. H. Higgins.

BANK STOCK.—Twenty shares in First National of Stanford, for sale. Apply at this office.

NEW BACKSHEES: Flour—New Kraut—and a fine line of canned goods at A. A. Warren's "Model grocery."

I AM opening the largest and best assort'd line of wall paper ever brought to Stanford. Call and see it. B. K. Wearen.

LOOK AT THIS.—15 lbs. best Granulated Sugar \$1, 8 lbs. best package Coffee \$1. All other goods lower than the lowest. Bright & Metcalf.

HUMPHREY BEST seems determined to land in the penitentiary or get a rope around his neck. See Lancaster letter for his recent exploits.

THE house who failed to fill his ice house this season deserves to drink hot water during the heated term of next summer. It was sheer laziness if he did not.

OUR customers will confer a great favor by settling their account with us. It is after Jan. 1 and we have to settle our accounts and we ask you to settle with us. Tailor & Smiley.

CONSIDERING the weather the L. & N. has made remarkable time this week. Nearly all of us trains have been about on time, while more favored roads have been hours and sometime days behind in their trains.

THE Circuit Court at Mt. Vernon has adjourned to the 21st May in March, owing to the severe weather, rendering it impossible for the witnesses and jurors to attend. Pleas Carr pleaded guilty to house breaking and was given two years.

AN accident occurred on the Cincinnati Southern Tuesday, 4 miles from Nicholasville and two Mann boudoir cars and the ladies' car were derailed. One Mann car was overturned and rolled down the bank. Congressman King, of Louisiana, and several ladies were on board, but no one was seriously injured.

THE L & N. pay train came up yesterday to gladden the hearts of the railroad boys. We have never seen a better satisfied set of men than work for the L & N. They get good wages and draw their money promptly on the 15th of each month. There was a time when the arrival of the pay train meant a big drunken row at Rowland and here, but since Capt. Smith has taken charge a drunken railroad man is rarely seen.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Jas. Fuel and Miss Ida Prewitt obtained marriage license on the 7th instant at Danville.

A. S. Powell, of Tennessee, has filed his suit in the Circuit Court of Logan county, Ky., against Mrs. Maggie M. Fivewaters for an alleged breach of the marriage contract, fixing his damages at \$10,000, which he thinks but a slight balm to his greatly mortified, wounded, lashed and humbled spirit.

Mr. John W. Bastin, Secretary of the Laurel Coal Co., and Miss Jennie Napier, a niece of the late Col. Thomas W. Napier, were married at the residence of the bride's mother Tuesday night. Attendants, Dr. Jackson Givens and Miss Addie Martin. After the ceremony the party repaired to the home of Mr. J. D. Bastin, the groom's father, where a reception was given the happy pair, which included an elegant supper. The groom has shown himself to be an excellent business man and is highly thought of by his company. His bride is pretty and intelligent and their friends are sure they will be very happy. Cold as it was they took the 2 A. M. train for Louisville the same night where they will spend several days.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Milton Hay, a sister of Mr. A. M. Feland, died in Boyle county, Wednesday.

Mrs. John Ball died at her home near Halls Gap, Tuesday, of consumption, aged thirty.

Brent Smith, a man of family, died of consumption at his home on Green River Monday.

Mrs. Hood, the mother of the famous Confederate General, John B. Hood, died in Fayette county Tuesday.

We learn with sorrow of the death of Eld. W. I. Fowle, which occurred at Lancaster Tuesday. We were thrown with him for several days at Dripping Springs last season, and although the dread disease, which has finally taken his life, was then gnawing at his vitals, he was the most cheerful, hopeful man we ever saw and the most companionable. A good Christian has surely gone to his reward.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. C. C. Green will preach at Crab Orchard next Saturday and Sunday at 11 A. M.

Evangelist J. J. Porter is still waging war on the devil at Somerset and in three weeks has secured 200 confessions and 63 members to the Baptist church.

The Rev. Lewis P. Tschiffely, rector of Grace church, had an apoplectic stroke, attended by a hemorrhage of the brain and died at his home in Louisville within two hours.

The Walnut street Baptist church of Louisville, the largest and wealthiest of its kind in the United States, has increased the salary of its pastor, Dr. Eaton, to \$4,000.

The Converse Brothers, who edit the Christian Observer, are before the Presbytery of Louisville on a charge of lying, brought by some brethren of Memphis. The charge grew out of a newspaper discussion upon evolution.

LAND, STOCK AND CROPS

Hay for sale. Apply to H. J. Durst, Stanford.

M. D. E. more had a good milk cow to death this week.

Thos. S. Williams of Woodford county, sold 25 acres of tobacco at 75 cents per pound.

T. J. Burgess, of Scott, sold to G. H. Whitney, 82 head 1,150 pound cattle at 41 cents.

The average price of wheat in all parts of the country for the last five years has been 95 cents. For 10 years previous the home price was \$1.05. The present average is 87 cents.

The Louisville cattle market is weak at 12 for very common to 5 for best shipper; the hog market is not so strong. The best sell at 4 to 4 10, good, light and heavy mixed 32 to 39. Sheep bring 1 1/2 to 3.

Wakefield & Hudson purchased six miles in the vicinity of Middlebury for \$725. J. Q. Montgomery bought last week of William Clegg, of Casey, eleven aged mules for \$1,115. [Lancaster Herald.]

The cattle market at Paris on Court day was represented by only medium stock, which sold readily at from \$1 to 4 cents. About 300 mules on sale, and only cotton mules selling, at from \$85 to \$100, with fair demand.

At Sam Eastman's sale the farm rented to James Eagleman for \$500; 50 bushels of corn sold to A. H. Rice at \$1.50; 90 do. to J. J. Walker at \$1.50; 1 mule \$90; 1 do. \$75; 1 cow \$45; 1 do. \$30; 1 young bull \$12; \$12.50 to \$13 per stock; 2 mule colts \$45.50 each. [Lancaster News.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHISKY FOR SALE.

Hundred and Twenty-Five Barrels.

Made by W. M. Bell, one, two and three years old. Apply at once to

86-11 J. A. LYTHE, Adm'r.

SALE OF BANK STOCK.

I will offer at public sale before the court-house door in Stanford, on MONDAY, FEB. 1st, 1886, one county court day, 15 Shares of Stock in the Farmers' National Bank of Stanford. The sale will be made at 11 o'clock A. M. J. A. LYTHE, Adm'r.

86-11 Administrator of W. M. Bell, dec'd.

NOTICE!

All persons indebted to Edmiston & Owsley must settle with J. M. Phillips by January 20th. If not we will collect by law. We have given you since August 22nd and we think this time enough.

We Mean Exactly What We Say.

86-11 EDMISTON & OWSLEY.

APPARATUS 58.

(Inter Ocean German Translation.)

"I will tell you of the case of which I speak, provided you will hold your tongue about it," said the doctor, drawing his visiting book from his pocket, and settling himself with the air of a professional story-teller. "The lady who was the patient in the case is still alive and one of the loveliest women in the city. It would never do for an indiscretion of mine to be the means of enlightening her as to the facts which, up to this time, we have carefully kept from her."

The speaker was one of a party of four gentlemen gathered about a lavishly spread table in a private room of the *Vier Jahreszeiten*, Munich. Tall, broad-shouldered, and with one of those high heads so characteristically German in type, Cornelius Schorn, surgeon-in-chief of the royal obstetrical clinic, would have been a noticeable figure in any assemblage.

Superbly furnished, brilliant with light, and fragrant with the delicate aroma of Bordeaux and Burgundy, the room was a picture of cheerful and convivial comfort. Outside the drawn curtains a wild night was closing around the city; the keen and cutting wind, driving straight from the Bavarian Alps, swept through the narrow streets with the fury of an enraged lion. All the afternoon the storm had been howling and shrieking. At the corners of the square, where the blasts were strongest, hats and caps were whirled from the heads of the people as they struggled up the steep incline, and dancing merrily to the grim melody of the gale, escaped from sight.

Heads of the increasing uproar out of doors the gentlemen so pleasantly engaged with the delicacies before them eagerly assented to the doctor's wish for silence.

Gathering more closely about the table they awaited patiently the disclosure, certain to be an interesting one unless Schorn's reputation as a raconteur was greatly overrated.

"Three years ago," he began, "worn out by the year's work, a brief let-up was absolutely necessary if I wished to avoid changing places with my patients. After completing preparations to join a party of friends on a hunting expedition into the Austrian Tyrol, I was sitting in the office on the morning of the 20th of August waiting simply until it was time to take the train. Always the servant of the people, a doctor never knows that anticipated vacations can be realized until actually under way; therefore, I was not at all surprised when the bell pealed furiously and a messenger entered with a summons to the bedside of an old friend at Berg, dying of consumption. Hastily telegraphing the party to go on without me, I jumped into the carriage, and in an hour's time stepped from the train at Berg.

"It was very late in the evening before I returned to Munich, the clocks in the neighborhood striking 12 as the schnell-zug pulled into the depot. The night, a fearfully close and sultry one, promised to end later on in one of those summer tempests, brief in duration, but frequently of a terribly destructive character. The stench brought out by the heaviness of the atmosphere from the gutters and filthy thoroughfares of that part of the city known as the old town was overpowering. Far advanced in the arts and sciences, Munich is a city which has yet much to learn of sanitary principles. The ride before me was a long one. Throwing myself back upon the droshky's seat, I closed my eyes, and before I knew it had dropped into a doze. I slept perhaps twenty minutes or more with that heavy, dreamless slumber always the result of fatigue and unusual emotion. I doubt whether I should have awakened at all had not the abrupt bounding and swaying of the carriage, checked suddenly, raised me to consciousness. In the obscurity of the night I distinguished the figure of a man, gesticulating violently for me to stop, and evidently in a state of intense excitement. Without waiting for me to question him he gasped out the intelligence between his labored breaths that something was wrong at the Sandlingerthor's 'dead-house' (the new Gottsacker recently finished in the outskirts of the town.)

"For God's sake, Herr Doctor," cried the man, as we saw his driving off, "go as if the devil was after you."

"The pace at which we traveled the Maximiliansstrasse would assuredly have distanced any devil of my acquaintance," added the doctor, with a smile. "Sparks of fire fairly rained from the iron heels of the flying horses, and the thundering of the hoofs on the hollow planking of the bridge sounded in the silence of the night like the tread of an army under a quiet movement. With the lights of Munich once behind us, it was not long, with a clear highway, before we were standing at the Sandlingerthor's gateway, rising the grimmett of sentinels in front of this citadel held by death. The scene upon which I entered, piloted by the guard watching for my arrival, boggles description. The hall before the dead-house doors was literally packed with somber attendants, white as ashes with terror, and all talking at once. I gathered from their confounding statements that a devil of a dismembered soul was loose in the building and ringing the alarm. 'It is bound to be so, Herr Doctor,' persisted the attendant on night duty at the time; 'it is bound to be so, for No. 53 is as dead as ever she was; I saw her myself; but the signal is down, and we all heard the bell ring.' You might as well reason with the waves of the sea as to attempt to dissipate the inborn superstition of the lower German classes. I did not even attempt to disturb it. If they choose to believe that 'souls walked' and 'uttered airily back and forth between the gloomy walls of this their temporary prison' no words of mine could have effect.

"Finding me determined to face the worst, whatever it might be, the door was reluctantly opened and I was admitted. The huge and dismal apartment was but dimly lighted by scattered gas jets. Blown by the fitful breezes coming through the open windows, the flickering light from the burners wavered in shifting light and shadow across the pinched and livid features, lending an appearance of motion to the drawn lips and sightless eyes. To one unaccustomed to the aspect of the dead, the heavy lids seem ready to stir, to struggle against the lethargy laid upon them by the grimness of mankind. I have never known the time when these rooms, erected for the lying in state of the dead before burial, were not crowded to the doors. At that time, perhaps, as many as fifty bodies—men, women and children—were resting upon stretchers. In the urgent hurry of our errand it was impossible, so closely did the stretchers stand, to pass between them without striking against the bodies themselves. The caskets standing at the head of all of them, waiting their consignment of ghastly freight, did much to add to the hideousness of the scene. Strong as I am, and accustomed in the daily round of medical work to sights of horror, I found myself now overcome.

"At last, in the farthest corner of the room, where the shadows clustered thickest, the attendant stopped beside a trestle which supported the slender figure of a woman ro-

ching in a half-sitting position upon a couch of natural flowers, in a life-like attitude—a fancy of the professional entrepreneur. Clasped in the embrace of the signaling instrument, she seemed to have thrown herself down in the abandon of fatigue and thus to have fallen asleep. Many a pallid face has rested quietly in these grottoes surrounding, dead to the whispering words of love and agony spoken above it; but the hall had never roared a figure more beautiful—frail and emaciated as it was—than the one before me. The delicate form lay there peacefully and quietly as if at any moment it might rise and tear itself free from the billows of satin and lace heaped like snow about it. It seemed impossible that the signal could have sounded from this still and silent frame lying upon its strange couch, lifeless, frozen, a lonely waxen image, buried beneath exquisite flowers, but without a sign of life to account for the turned signal. It gave some coloring to the curious belief in the intervention of the devil expressed by the frightened attendants. As a physician whose work keeps him always in contact with the grim realities of grief and pain, not to speak of things which must be classed with the distinctly inexplicable, I readily understood the terror with which the superstitious German nature regarded this night alarm—an alarm made doubly hideous by the knowledge that it came from a tenement once—and apparently still—deserted by its soul.

"Personally I do not believe in the establishment of these rooms in Gottsacker," continued the doctor. "The revival of life occurs too seldom to justify the offence against delicacy of feeling brought about by this exposing of the dead and exhibition of private griefs. To realize the full repulsiveness of the practice, fancy a dearly-loved member of your own family resting in these haunts of sorrow, guarded by a hireling whose tenderness and care are measured by the length of your purse and their own unfeelingness."

Poole, the noted London Tailor. (Philadelphia Press.)

The craze for English clothes brings up stories of Poole, the noted tailor of London, who cut clothes for all the crowned heads of Europe. At a New York club recently a gentleman told how he once outwitted the great tailor. "Money brings a man no consideration at Poole's," said he. "You must take a letter of introduction before they will deign to look at you. They don't expect your money under three years. If you pay in one year you get a big discount. If you pay in two years you get a smaller discount. No master where you may go, once on their books, you can order clothing sent to you at any point on the globe. But you must first be introduced."

"It was my first year in London that I remarked to a friend that I guessed I would go to Poole's and order some clothes. The idea never entered my head that I couldn't drop in as I would to a tailor's at home and get anything he has for cold cash. My friend told me the situation. I made him a bet that I would get an overcoat from Poole, for which he was to pay if I managed it without a letter. I went in, and a portly man presented himself and asked what could be done for me. I told him I wanted some clothing, and then began to feel about my pockets. 'Ah,' I exclaimed, 'I find I must go back to my hotel for the letter that Lord Tommody gave me.' Don't mention it, said he; it's quite satisfactory, I assure you." So I ordered what I wanted and went out and reported to my friend, who had awaited developments in a cab, expecting to be called in to voice for me. All he said was, 'You've won your bet; but I would like to know what particular lie you told, for, of course, you lied to him somehow.' Poole himself died several years ago. He was a portly and fine-appearing man. I was surprised when told that he was a Yankee. He started in life in Springfield, Mass.

"Hansel," I said, sternly, turning to the man who was standing at my side, his teeth still chattering from his paroxysm of fright, "you have certainly made some mistake. The signal must have been turned by accident or carelessness."

"Gott in Himmel! No, Herr Doctor, that would be impossible; nothing could touch the instrument; see for yourself," pointing to the one attached to the body, which, if you have entered these rooms at Gottsacker's, you know to be precisely similar to those in the regular French morgues.

"The words had scarcely left his lips before, with a scream of wildest terror, Hansel dropped upon his knees, shuddering, half-crazed, and with one shaking finger directing my attention to the apparatus above us. Looking up I saw that the arm of the instrument was moving slowly, tremulously, but unquestionably moving I watched it with almost the same amount of wonderment that Hansel exhibited, while it rose, trembled, and fell upon the gong, with a stroke harder stronger than the blow of an infant, but, so delicately are these signaling instruments arranged, instantly followed by the warning rattle. It was but the work of an instant to follow with my finger the course of the wire which attached the instrument to the body. I found that after leaving the battery this wire passed down and around the neck of the corpse, passing closely like a tight necklace upon the carotid artery, naturally the first place, from its connection with the heart, where reviving life currents would be perceptible. The mystery was no longer a mystery. The warning signal had undoubtedly been sounded by the throbbing artery. Coming at long and irregular intervals the pulsation either failed to occur, while I was engaged in my efforts at resuscitation, or through some disarrangement of the body itself, caused by those efforts had failed to be announced.

"The Baronin Friesbach lived; the throbbing artery proved it. Muscular contraction, as any physician will tell you, is entirely possible in the dead. Arterial movements are totally different in character and are susceptible of but one explanation—that life is not dead, but sleeping.

"As this is a record of plain facts, with no necessity for a dramatic climax, as in fiction, formulated theories as to the cause of such attacks would be useless. Whatever had been the cause, the result was a semblance of death that would deceive the closest scrutiny. I am not the only physician who has been driven into a labyrinth of indecision by such experiences. Indeed, we are not in such cases justified in using anything in the shape of remedial agents, except such drugs as act as prompters to torpid organs, the sort of position occupied by the man under the baize at the opera.

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Capt. Coleman, schr. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coughs household and on board the schooner, Free Trial Bottles of the Standard Remedy at Penny & McAlister's Drug Store.

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after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering relatives. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NAYLOR, 100 George Street, Boston.

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